Miss Ruth E. Springs
Brownsville, Ont.

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Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, APRIL 12, 1940. | 77th Year.

Canada's New Viceroy

THE EARL OF ATHLONE who has been appointed to succeed the late Lord Tweedsmuir as Governor General of Canada has served his country well.

As a soldier he showed personal courage in the field and was popular with both officers and men.

* * * * *

CANADA'S new Viceroy performed valuable service as Governor General of the Union of South Africa, to which position he was appointed in 1923. In South Africa the Earl of Athlone achieved an outstanding success, so much so, that on the conclusion of his appointed term of five years the South African Government desired an extension of his term of office. This the King was pleased to approve, and the Earl and Countess remained until the close of 1930.

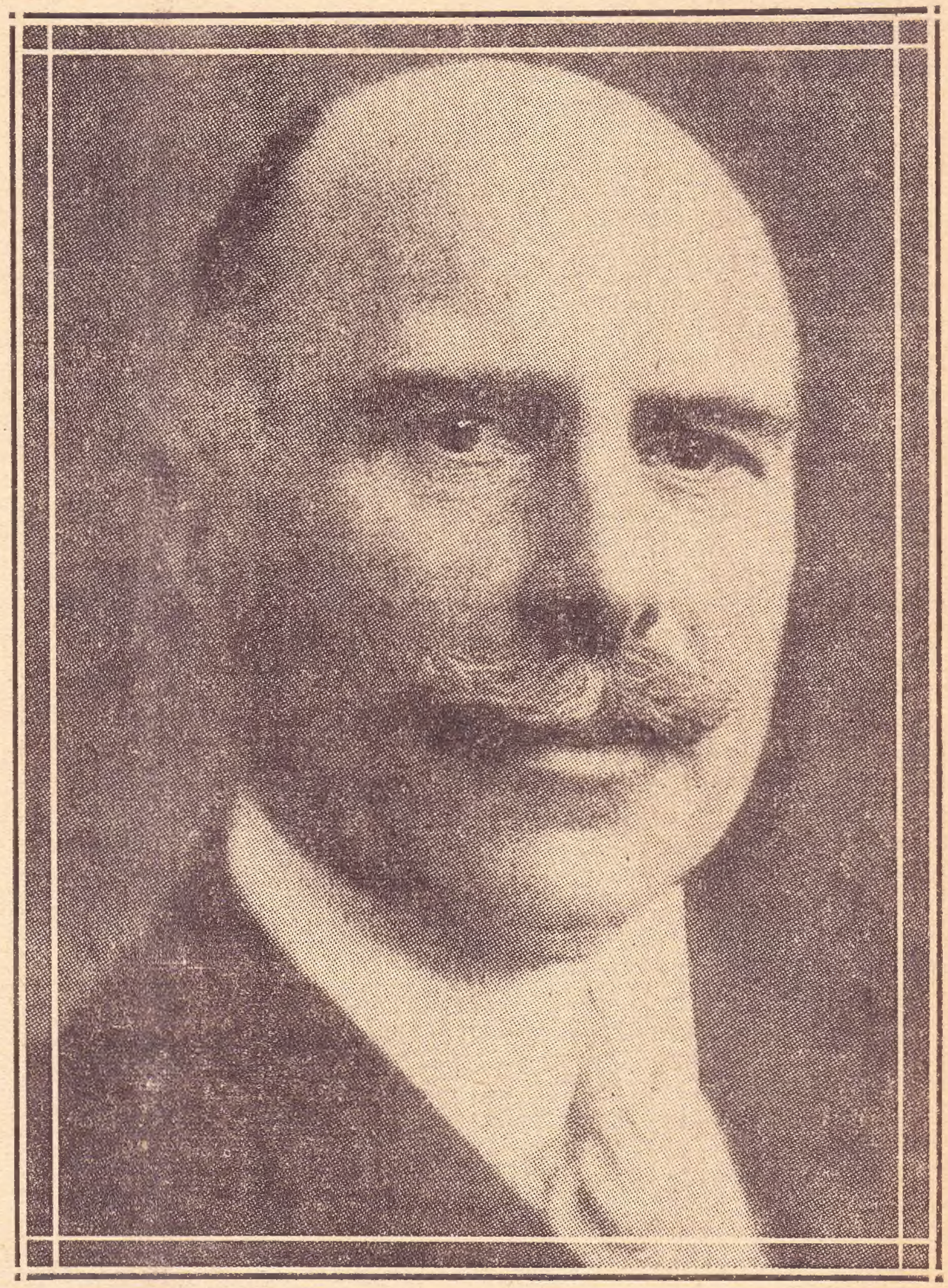
Foremost among the qualities which won for the Earl and his Countess the love of South Africans of all races was their naturalness. They both showed a keen, practical interest in healthy recreations, and on holidays on the veldt in the bush they accomplished some creditable achievements.

The Earl is widely travelled and possesses a keen knowledge of the Empire's many parts. He accompanied his brother-in-law, King George V. when the latter as Duke of York, with the Duchess, made his famous tour of Canada and the British Empire.

Actually, Lord Athlone was appointed Governor General of Canada in 1914. But the outbreak of hostilities caused the appointment to be cancelled so that the Earl might proceed on active service.

His second appointment as Viceroy to Canada finds the country in similar circumstances—faced with the task of doing her part in another great struggle for freedom and democracy.

Canadians may well be grateful for a leader of such experience and character. Already the appointment has been received with delight and when they come in the early summer, the Earl and his Countess will be given an enthusiastic and hearty welcome.



Alexander, First Earl of Athlone

LORD ATHLONE received his education at Eton and went through his military training at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, being gazetted as second lieutenant to the 7th Hussars, on October 24, 1894, and a year later joined the regiment in India.

He was with the Inniskilling Dragoons during the Boer War, serving with that unit until the Boer surrender at Bloemfontein. Later he participated in the relief of Mafeking and was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. He also performed valuable services in the Great War for which he received decorations.

Wrestle for Life

By L. E. Eubanks

For the Messenger.

BUD ROSLIN was a son of the forest and river. In the little hamlet of Big Eddy his opportunities to go to school had been very few. He knew little of books, but he knew the outdoors. His work in the woods and on the river since a child—ardous day labor with axe, cant-hook, peavie and pike-pole—founded on a strong constitution and clean habits, had given him perfect health and a magnificent physique.

Bud had known but little play; his only recreation had been wrestling, which he loved passionately and took to naturally, since both his father and grandfather had been locally famous for their grappling prowess. Throughout the logging camps Bud Roslin, though only a little past seventeen, was known as a worthy opponent for any man on the river; for he stood 5 feet 10 inches without his shoes, weighed 170 pounds, without any surplus fat, and had made a scientific study of catch-as-catch-can wrestling.

All season the men of Gang Number Five had been anxious to see Bud Roslin tackle "Dynamite" Dan Hawkins, though few conceded the youth much of a chance, as Hawkins was thirty years old, outweighed Bud fifteen pounds, was very skilful, and tricky to the extent of unfairness.

Hawkins was foreman of Camp Five, and a boss whom no lumberman working under him ever forgot. With good reason he had been nicknamed "Dynamite"; for he had a temper as quick and deadly as gun powder. Men freely said that the only reason Hawkins did not kill some man every day was because all feared him so that they carefully avoided angering him.

Because of an old feud between the Roslin and Hawkins families, Dan was particularly hard on Bud—and because, too, the boy firmly and repeatedly declined to wrestle with him. "I once threw your dad, kid, and I can throw you," Dan taunted. "Come on, give me a tussle."

"You're a good wrestler, Mr. Hawkins," Bud answered. "You might throw me; but I don't want to wrestle you."

The other men were puzzled. In other gangs, when Dynamite Dan had not been included, young Roslin had never been hesitant about giving them a "show". Was Bud afraid? Many said yes, some were uncertain; and Luther Rix, a sort of "buddy" to Roslin, determined to find out.

At first Bud would not talk much—except to say decisively that he was not afraid of the foreman. Then seeming to decide that justice to self demanded it, he explained:

"It's this way, Lute—just between us: You know the indirect cause of my father's death was a quarrel on the river. My mother, living there in Big Eddy with poor old Grandpa Bob, made me promise not to risk any mix-up with Dan Hawkins. I certainly don't want to be thrown by him—I have some pride; yet if I downed him there might be serious trouble—his nasty, revengeful temper, you know."

"That's true enough," agreed Luther, thoughtfully; and Bud went on:

"Grandpa's working days are over, I've got to take care of mother and him; and I don't want to work too far from home, with him as feeble as he is. And on top of all that, Dan holds a mortgage against the little home. I'd be very foolish to anger him and make him even harder on us than he is."

"You've got a long head, Bud," complimented Luther. "I didn't think it was fear holding you back, and now I know. But I wont talk your affairs to the men."

One morning not many days after that interview, the men were awakened by a deep low rumbling, which by the time they were dressed had increased to a roar.

"She's on!" bellowed Dynamite Dan, "the drive's on! Get busy, everybody."

Normal water could not float down the hoards and hoards of logs. The spring freshets went out all too soon. They had to be stored, let down from dam to dam, sluicing along the logs with them from stage to stage. Thus the drive came in sections. The first flush of high water took down a large percentage of the logs in main channel, behaving themselves for the most part, save when they jammed on shallows or at angles. Generally they slipped along day and night swiftly and silently. But even these were almost sure to snarl and snag while the lumbermen snatched necessary hours of rest. Every morning saw jams to be cleared and the way made open to slackwater and so to the mills.

* * *

NOW, day after day of thrills, facing death most of the time; leaping, balancing, riding "pencil" logs that often careened like bucking broncos, leaving one perch for another just in time to avoid serious mishap. These men easily performed feats of strength that would make the ordinary man gasp; here were muscle and weight applied in exactly the right place for fulcrum and leverage, the spots selected unerringly and instantaneously by experience that had begot new instinct.

Single "sticks" went hurtling down, then a row would go rattling, booming in a roaring slide that ended in a great splash at the waterline where men straightened the logs out to the current, rode them out, shoved them away with pickpoles. The mass of the yarded logs stood fifty feet high; any moment it might collapse. Frost had been at work on it since it was first piled from the sleds. Every man had to be on the alert not to be swept down by an avalanche of logs that would break bones and mangle flesh, flinging him at last, helpless, into the ice-water of the river.

Such a life is not for the weakling; as an old logger will tell you, "it makes a man or it kills him," according to the constitution and frame he has by nature and the kind of life he leads when not at work. It "made" Bud Roslin; he seemed to thrive on the hardest tasks the foreman could assign to him. Never before had he felt such power in his loins, legs and arms; and secretly he was confident that he could put Dan Hawkins' shoulders to the ground. But still he declined the forman's almost daily challenge.

"Some man!" complimented Luther Rix, squeezing Bud's thick upper arm and patting him on the back. "Gee, I'd like to see—but I remember, you can't do it, pal."

One day Foreman Hawkins went ahead of the main gang, taking with him a man named Tom Smalley, to inspect and overhaul the sluices and booms at Dam Number One, which the men would soon reach.

A few hours later Smalley returned alone, and Bud heard him tell how the boss had struck him and discharged him on the spot for some trivial mistake. A blackened eye and horribly bruised cheek corroborated the story; but the other men knew they must remain neutral. Smalley got out of sight when it was noised to him that Dynamite Dan was returning.

That same afternoon they came to the last of the rollways—a great pile of logs so arranged as to be easily released into the river when the time came. In this case the lowest tiers had been under water and were still frozen to the bank.

All were anxious to get the logs afloat before dark; supper would not be served until this job was finished, and sluicing logs through a dam-gate after dark on a moonless night is very disagreeable, even to work-hardened loggers.

(Please Turn to Page 9.)

WHITEFISH FEUD

READERS HAVE MET—

GEORGE KOMAR, head of the Komar Fish Co.
RENDALL WILLIS, of the rival Willis Fish Co., which is trying to crowd out Komar.
ALVIN SEATON, honest, loyal skipper of Komar's tug, the 'Kofisco'.
GORD LORING, Alvin's best helper.

We rejoin them on board the Kofisco, starting out good-heartedly to give a helping hand to the Willis tug, Stanton Lass, which is caught in an ice-field. Working their way through the ice is a slow job and they stop to make a sort of meal off roasted whitefish.

Their search leads them first to the tug—abandoned—then to the wreckage of a life-boat—at last to the starving crew marooned on the beach. As the rescue party is bringing them back to the Kofisco a terrific blizzard starts raging.

By C. F. Bodsworth

(For the Messenger.)

ALVIN had only one thought. They *must* get back to the tug.

"Gather together all of your scarfs and coat belts," he yelled. He took out his belt knife and cut the mooring line from the bow of the life-boat. There were only two neck scarfs in the group but five had coats with belts on them. The scarfs, belts and mooring line were tied into six equal lengths and then Alvin ordered them to spread out onto the ice in a long line holding a scarf or belt between each two of them to keep the band together.

"I'll be on this outside end," Alvin said as they got ready to line out on the ice, "and I'll give a jerk on the rope between me and the next one in the line as a signal to start forward. Pass that signal along the line when you feel it on the scarf or belt that you hold. To get your correct direction, turn until the wind is blowing square on your right cheek and then take a quarter turn to the right and go ahead in that direction."

* * *

SLOWLY the boys set out into the darkness.

"If anyone sees the tug, signal it along the line by jerking to the fellow next to you," Alvin commanded as the first two or three left.

Surely they would find the tug this time, Alvin thought, for they would be sweeping a path at least sixty feet wide across the ice. Each one of them had about six feet of scarf, belt or rope and then by holding their arms out they would be about ten feet apart. Rendall Willis was the one who would be next in line to Alvin and he was the last to step out of sight into that black void of swirling snow and darkness. Alvin allowed a few seconds for the line to get straightened out and for each one to decide on his right direction and then gave the signal to Rendall Willis. Slowly they began moving forward.

Suddenly there was a jerk on the rope that held him and Rendall Willis together. Someone along the line had found the tug! All that terrible feeling of uncertainty and worry suddenly vanished and with relief in his heart he turned to plod wearily through the clouds of snow towards Rendall Willis. But he took only a few steps before he stumbled into something on the ice. Alvin stooped to examine it, turned the beam of his light downwards and then gasped. It was Rendall Willis; the cold was too much for him and weak and exhausted he had fallen to the ice.

* * *

ALVIN gazed down at the slowly freezing figure. What could he do now? The jerk on his rope had been when Rendall fell and now, separated from the rest of the band, they would never know if one of the others did find the Kofisco. There was only one thing that he could do and that was to carry Rendall and hunt for the tug alone. Alvin stooped, threw one of Rendall's arms over his left shoulder and then circled his own arm around Rendall's legs. Straining under the unconscious weight, Alvin tried to rise. Ordinarily he would have thought nothing of carrying someone like Rendall Willis, but after three days of living on half-cooked whitefish and water with but little sleep he was not in the best of physical shape. He got up onto his feet shakily, leaned forward into the blast to keep his balance against it, and stumbled ahead slowly. His feet caught on a jagged slab of ice and both fell headlong. Rendall Willis groaned weakly as he toppled onto the ice from Alvin's shoulder.

"Don't worry, we'll get there, kid!" Alvin was saying as he again rose with Rendall on his shoulder. But under his breath he was whispering a prayer: "Oh, God, help me to find that tug because I can't hold out much longer!"

Stumbling and falling only to rise and start again, Alvin staggered along over the ice field. Sometimes the gusts of wind were so strong that he couldn't move forward against them with his burden, sometimes he was crawling on the ice, dragging the limp figure of Rendall Willis behind him, but always he was moving ahead with that blast striking the forward part of his right cheek. Once he slumped onto the ice himself, but for just a second; doggedly he rose again with that dead weight still on his shoulders.

"I won't give up! You haven't got me licked yet!" he yelled defiantly into the raging storm.

Alvin stumbled again. He rose onto one knee and reached once more for his unconscious burden. But he couldn't get that weight up onto his shoulders. Stabbing pains shot through him as the cold pierced his body. Dazed and numb he slumped onto the ice.

* * *

IT couldn't have been more than half a minute later when he revived and became conscious of the blizzard roaring over him again. Obstinately clinging to life, Alvin climbed up onto his shaky legs. With chin thrust forward into the blast he paused and listened. Was that the siren he just heard? Not much chance, he told himself. Dimly it came again, three long blasts and then silence.

"It can't be," he repeated doggedly, "it's imagination."

But again those three blasts came faintly across the ice with the gale.

"It *is* the Kofisco!" he cried and tried hard to wrinkle his frozen face up into a smile.

Gathering his strength together for one last mighty effort he pulled the insensible Rendall Willis onto his shoulders. Once more they started forward, this time straight into the blizzard for that was the direction from which the siren seemed to come. Slowly those three whistles came stronger, and then peering into the black wall ahead, Alvin saw a light. Weakly he trudged on; the light brightened.

Alvin reached the side of the Kofisco with Rendall Willis still on his back. He called weakly and then sank exhausted onto the ice. When he opened his eyes he was looking into the face of Gord Loring. Lying on a bed of blankets on the stern deck of the tug with Rendall Willis beside him the others were rubbing his and Rendall's limbs to restore the circulation to them.

"How you doing, kid?" Gord asked as he rubbed strenuously at one of Alvin's arms. "You had a pretty close call!"

"Fine," Alvin answered.

* * *

FIFTEEN minutes later Alvin and Rendall were sitting up telling of their experience. The other five of those on the ice had reached the tug and gotten aboard safely. After their story Rendall turned to Alvin.

"What have you got to eat or drink on this tug?" he asked.

Alvin gazed for a second into the eyes of Rendall Willis.

"We haven't eaten anything but whitefish or drunk anything but water for three days," he said, and pointed to the large pile of whitefish-filled boxes against the back of the pilot-house.

Rendall stared at the stack of fish boxes, counted them

"Why you had a ton or over!" he stammered. "A thousand-dollar lift and you didn't take time to run into Port Stanton with them before the price went down!"

"If we'd taken those fish into port before coming out here after the Stanton Lass we would have lost five hours," Alvin explained. "We wouldn't have found you before this blizzard and how long do you that that you'd last on that unprotected beach tonight?"

For a second or two Rendall sat silently listening to the roar of the blizzard outside the tug.

"We wouldn't have lived long," he said. "I guess if you hadn't come straight from your nets like you did we wouldn't have been rescued."

Sometime during the night the blizzard blew itself out. At sunrise the Kofisco commenced to break its way out through the ice field towards open water. It took six hours of steady bucking to get the Kofisco out of the ice and then Alvin put the tug on the course for Port Stanton, a three-hour run distant.

* * *

THE nine fishermen were all crowded in the pilot-house, but as the tug left the Point Amherst icefield behind, Rendall Willis slipped quietly out the door. Alvin forgot about him until a minute or two afterwards he went out on the deck to hang up his oilskins; it would be a disgrace for a tug skipper to come into port wearing his oilskins, and Alvin had'nt had them off in over three days. When Alvin stepped out of the pilot-house doorway, Rendall was leaning against a stanchion on the stern deck. He had the deck curtain pulled back and he was staring moodily out at the disappearing line that marked the edge of the ice field.

"What are you doing?" Alvin asked and then when he got a glimpse of Rendall's face he was sorry that he had asked the question.

Rendall's face was a picture of despondency and gloom. He looked like one who was just bidding a last goodbye to a close friend.

"I'm hungry and I'm tired," Rendall said, "and treacherous old Amherst Point ice field taught me that there was more to life than just catching and selling whitefish!" Rendall turned back, took a final look at that disappearing white line and then pulled the curtain tight.

Alvin watched him for a second and then returned to the pilot-house. Half a minute later Rendall followed him, but all of the way in to Port Stanton he was silent and moody.

* * *

IT was mid-afternoon when the Kofisco approached Port Stanton harbor. With her sides battered by ice and her Diesels knocking from several days of straining work, Alvin turned the tug up between the piers. He gazed up the harbor ahead of him, a smile formed on his face. They were home; that three-day nightmare of torture and uncertainty while they were in the grip of the ice field could be forgotten.

Crowds of greeting residents lined the docks, but Alvin took slight notice of any of them. He was looking for that ruddy, smiling face; that cheerful little man who had always met him when he brought the Kofisco in off the lake. But George Komar was not there. The Kofisco bumped against the dock at its usual place, lines whipped out and the tug was made fast. Alvin stepped from the pilot-house down onto the deck and glanced along the dock. The Komar tugs were all tied up, the Komar Fish Company sign was gone from the front of the big shanty.

"Where's George Komar?" he asked a fisherman on the dock.

"Komar? Oh, he's up in court today; they had him up," the other answered. "Couldn't pay his debts."

* * *

ALVIN swallowed hard, took his dinner bucket under his arm and started down the dock. Skilfully dodging a group of newspaper reporters and cameramen who looked as if they were waiting for him, Alvin climbed the harbor hill and tramped silently along the street towards home. Komar . . in court because he couldn't pay his debts, Alvin shrugged; it wasn't fair. If he hadn't gone to the rescue of the Stanton Lass the Komar Company would be still operating. It was almost four days since he had eaten a good meal, yet Alvin ate very little that night; he could do nothing but think of the injustice that was being wrought against George Komar. Behind it all was the rivalry of the Willis Company.

Alvin thought that he was going to sleep in that next morning, but at six-thirty he was awakened by a loud pounding on the door.

"I'll go, mother," he called across the hall to his mother's room.

When he opened the door Rendall Willis faced him.

"I'm sorry for getting you out of bed," Rendall said, "but I had to come and talk with you."

Rendall came inside and seated himself. Alvin looked at him questioningly.

"Amherst Point ice field taught me a great deal," Rendall began. "It taught me that whitefish were just a small part of this world and not the main thing on the earth as I used to think. You knew you were giving up your job and writing finis to the Komar Fish Company when you came to our rescue, but with a ton of whitefish aboard you headed for the ice field without hesitating."

Rendall paused, still staring into Alvin's eyes.

"I talked it over with dad last night," Rendall resumed. "The Willis Fish Company would like to pay off the Komar Company debts and unite into one firm; we could call ourselves the Komar, Willis Fish Company. Dad wants to do it. Do you suppose George Komar will be willing?"

Alvin's face beamed.

"Willing!" he exclaimed. "I'll see him this morning and I'll bet he won't take long in thinking it over!"

"That means the Port Stanton whitefish feud is over," Rendall declared joyfully. "And from now on we're shipmates!"

The Name of God is Peace

(Contributed)

The name of fame is folly,
And the god of wisdom stands,
A poor white marble effigy
Built up with human hands;
Grave beyond name or measure
Are Christ's divinities,
For the kingdom of the Lord is Love,
And the name of God is Peace.

The name of wealth is shadow,
And the crown of war is death,
But "I am Everlasting Life,"
The Lord of mercy saith.
Earth's boundaries are many,
In fateful lands apart,
But they shall not prevail against
The kingdom of the heart.

Lo! greatness shall be humbled,
And fame shall pass away,
And days and years like withered leaves
Achieve their own decay . . .
But love endures forever,
And beauty cannot cease,
For the kingdom of the Lord is Love,
And the name of God is Peace.

—R. H. Grenville.

Victoria, B.C.

(Written for, and inspired by an article "Founding the Kingdom" in The Northern Messenger.)

WANDERING STARS

THE planets are "wandering" stars. They do not move regularly like the "fixed" stars. The best known is Venus, the morning and evening star, which appears just after sunset in the West and just before dawn in the East. This is so brilliant that on a fine moonless night it will cast a shadow. The other principal planets are Mars, Jupiter, Neptune, Mercury and Saturn (noted for its rings)—Christian Herald.

Five Hundred Years of Printing

By "STORY TELLER"

For the Messenger.

THIS year, 1940, is being celebrated as the five hundredth anniversary year of the invention of printing by movable types by Johann Gutenberg of Mainz or Mentz in Germany.

"About twenty years after the death of Wycliffe there was living in the old German town of Mentz a boy bearing the not very attractive name of Johann Gensfleisch, which means, put into plain English, John Gooseflesh. One morning—so runs the story—he had been cutting the letters of his name out of the bark of a tree, and having been left alone in the house soon after, amused himself by spreading out the letters on a board so as to form again the words, JOHANN GENSFLEISCH.

"A pot of purple dye was beside the fire, and by some awkward turn, one of his letters dropped into it. Quickly, without stopping to think, he snatched it out of the boiling liquid, and as quickly let it drop again, this time on a white dressed skin which lay on a bench near by, the result being a beautiful purple 'H' on a deep yellowish white ground.

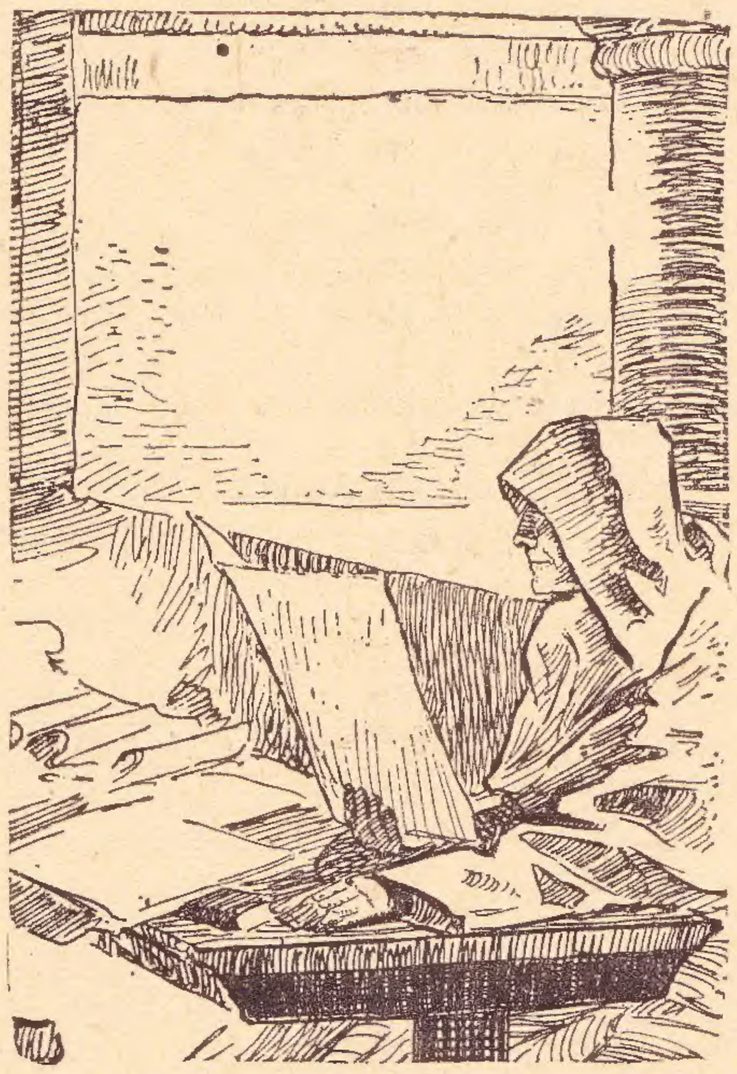
"Whether the boy admired the beautiful marks on the skin or meditated ruefully of future marks on his own skin as a possible consequence, history does not record, but it would seem as if somehow that image rooted itself in his mind, to bear rich fruit on a future day. For thirty years afterward, when all Germany was ringing with the name of Johann Gutenberg and his magical art of printing, the good people of Mentz recognized in the inventor their young townsman Gensfleisch who had meantime taken his maternal name.

"Whatever truth there may be in the legend, certain it is that Gutenberg's press was working in Mentz about the year 1450, and the first completed book that issued from that press is said to have been the Latin Bible."

PRINTERS AND "THE BLACK ART"

That is how Paterson Smyth tells the story in his instructive little book, "How We Got Our Bible". We notice that he uses the phrases, "so runs the story", "whatever truth . . . in the legend", "is said to have been." This accords with the fact that very little is known for certain about Johann Gutenberg beyond that he was one of the first of European printers, that he was at work in Maintz in 1540 and that from his presses there came between 1450 and 1455 the so-called "Gutenberg Bible."

Here again in saying "his presses" we must make a qualification. Gutenberg, after long and finally successful experimenting with type, ink, paper and press needed money to carry on his work and so went into partnership with the wealthy Johann Fust. He began work on his Bible but before it was complete he seems to have been forced out of the partnership. Fust retained the money, plant and business. Gutenberg had to start again "on his own" on a small scale.



A MEDIAEVAL COPYIST

The late 1400's and early 1500's were a wonderful age. The revival of learning which we call the Renaissance, the Reformation, the invention of Printing, the discovery of America, all made for the extension of knowledge, for freedom and adventure.

Kipling celebrates it in his lovely little poem "The Dawn Wind"—

So when the world is asleep and there seems no hope of her waking,
Out of the long, bad dreams that make her mutter and moan,
Suddenly all men rise to the noise of fetters breaking,
And everyone smiles at his neighbor and tells him his soul is his own!

It is known that the Chinese were using movable types for printing long before Gutenberg's invention. But "the invention never flourished in the Orient. It had no influence on world history or world culture."

Printing itself was revolutionary. It had taken Wycliffe's copyists ten months to produce each copy of his Bible. With Gutenberg's presses the production could, of course be speeded up enormously. And the same with other books.

No wonder both Ecclesiastical and Secular authorities took fright. Printing was freely associated with the Black Art. Fust, Faust or Faustus, one of the first printers, was said to have sold himself to the Evil One. (So we get the origin of the Faust legend.)

The association of Printing with the Powers of Darkness probably also led to a boy in a printing shop being termed a "Printers' Devil."

THE POWER OF THE PRESS

Finding that Printing had come to stay, the authorities tried to keep it within bounds. Printers and their presses were "licensed" and were under strict censorship. Those of you who have read Talbot Baines Reed's fine story "Sir Ludar" will remember how Humphrey Dexter, Master Walgrave's apprentice, discovered that his master had a secret press on which he worked at night.

John Milton protested strongly for absolute freedom of the press. He feared that censorship, even if well meant, might destroy something that was good. "As good almost kill a man," he said, "as kill a good Book."

"The Freedom of the Press" is one of the corner-stones of British liberty. Most people are agreed that some control must be exercised in time of war. In Britain, however, even at this time a much greater degree of freedom is allowed than is permitted in Canada. When the war is over we must all see to it that the freedom of the press is entirely restored.

What must we do in the face of the amount of rubbish,—and worse,—that floods us from many sources? Well, one of the best ways is to implant love of "whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report" in the hearts of young people. Then they will not want the rubbish.

The writer remembers when as a small boy he bought a number of penny books of doubtful quality. They disappeared within twenty-four hours. He thinks his mother must have been the Censor. But he was put in the way of Dickens, Scott, Thackeray and Blackmore, and a host of good writers of a lesser note, also of the Poets. He discovered Boys' Papers of good standing containing abundance of adventure and humor and he counts these things as among the most valuable influences in his life.

Great has been the influence of printing on the world at large. Thomas Carlyle claimed that, "He who first

(Please turn to Page 9.)

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

APRIL 12, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : All power is given to Me in heaven.—Matt. 28:18.

Mon. : His word was with power.—Luke 4:36.

Tue. : Far above all principality and power and might.—Eph. 1:21.

Wed. : Who had delivered us from the power of darkness.—Col. 1:13.

Thu. : Power belongeth unto God.—Ps. 62:11.

Fri. : He giveth strength and power to His people.—Ps. 68:35.

Sat. : Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.—Rev. 5:14.

Success

"Jesus re-defined success, and the new form of success was sacrifice: 'He that loseth his life for my sake, the same shall find it.' When you see this the will of God becomes the north star of your life."

The mouth of a righteous man is a well of life: but violence covereth the mouth of the wicked.—Proverbs x. 11.

"Gratitude is born of dependence. We are grateful for something we receive not of right, but by kindness. In the end there is no gratitude without God."

All the Difference

DR. INGE tells how an Ambassador was spending a restless night. The news was so bad that he could not sleep. At length his servant ventured to ask him some questions. "Sir, did God govern the world well before you came into it?"

"Surely."

"Do you think He will govern it well when you have left it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then can't you trust Him to govern it well while you are in it?" And the Ambassador went back to bed and slept quietly, and so was prepared for the labors of another day. It really makes all the difference if you believe that the Lord God reigneth.—Sel.

Not one of the achievements of modern science but is the result of some man's daring to believe that that could be done which his fellows had declared impossible.—W. A. Brown.

The Still Hour

IT is not necessary to make long prayers, but it is essential to be much alone with God, waiting on His will, hearkening to His voice, lingering in the garden of Scripture for the coming of the Lord God in the dawn or the cool of the day. No number of meetings, no fellowship with Christian friends, no amount of Christian activity, can compensate for the neglect of the still hour.—F. B. Meyer.

'Tis not enough that Christ was born
Beneath the star that shone,
And earth was set that holy morn
Within a golden zone,
He must be born within the heart
Before He finds His throne,
And brings the day of love and good,
The reign of Christlike brotherhood.

—Mary T. Lathrop.

A Divine Purpose

LIGHTEN the darkness of our life's long night,
Through which we blindly stumble to the day.
Shadows mislead us: Father, send thy light
To set our footsteps in the homeward way.

Lighten our darkness when we fall at last,
And in the midnight lay us down to die;
We trust to find Thee when the night is past,
And daylight breaks across the morning sky.

—Sel.

A Place of Rest

(John 13:23)

On Jesus' bosom—nowhere else is found
Balm for all wounds, and solace for all tears;
Calm 'mid the clouds which gather thickly round,
Peace from the pain which lingers through life's years.

On Jesus' bosom! Truly welcomed there!
Warmed by His love—His tender sweet embrace:
Made strong, once more, life's overweight to bear;
Lightened again by radiance from His face.

On Jesus' bosom! This my refuge be
Till shadowed days forevermore be past;
Till in the home Christ now prepares for me,
I find my everlasting peace at last.

—Smith.

The New Zealand General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church "calls on all its congregations to remember . . . that the power and peace of God are with all those whose concern is to know and do His will." — Assembly's Pronouncement on War, November, 1939.

A Social Gospel

IN spite of all gibes and misunderstandings the Gospel, "the Simple Gospel," is a social Gospel. The principles and truths explicit and implicit in the teaching of Jesus are profoundly social, and no new order can afford to ignore them. The New Order then which the Church envisages must be built upon—

(a) The Incarnation and the At-oneing Work of Christ and all they mean.

(b) Upon Christ's fundamental principle—the sacred worth of every man to God.

(c) Upon the principle that all men are children of the one Father.

(d) Upon the Obligation of Service between man and man as the governing principle of all communal life.

(e) Upon the Law of Love to God and Man as the ruling motive of both individual and society.

(f) Upon the Duty of Faith in God and God's Purpose.

(g) Upon Belief in the perfectability of Humanity, and the Coming of the Kingdom.

All Programs must be brought to the bar of these values and there judged. If they cannot stand in this light the new order they want to establish is already a self-condemned failure.—Rev. J. H. Ward in C. E. N.

Young People's Bible Reading

Micah—Herald of Peace

by BEREAN

For Sunday
April 21, 1940.
Micah 4:1-5;
5:2-5a

IN spite of the warnings of Amos and the pleadings of Hosea the Northern kingdom drove on to destruction.

Shalmaneser, King of Assyria, began his siege of the capital, Samaria, 725 B.C. The beautiful city was destroyed by his successor Sargon in 721 B.C. (2 Kings 17:6-23; Micah 5:1-9; Isa. 28:1-4) The remains of some of the "houses of ivory", (Amos 3:15) were unearthed two or three years ago.

The Northern kingdom ceased to exist, many of the people were carried away captive to Assyria, along with great quantities of spoil. Sargon's own account dovetails exactly in with that in the Bible.

The destruction of the Kingdom of Israel came with a shock to the other small states of Palestine. To thoughtful people in Judah it sounded a solemn warning. For the same evils that dug the grave of Israel were also operative in the Southern kingdom.

Religion had degenerated into formalism, sometimes into open idolatry. With the failure of religion had come a slackening of morals. Increase of wealth in the cities had resulted in impoverishment of the countryside.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Taxes were high, money was loaned to the farmer folk at exorbitant interest. If they could not pay their houses, lands and stock were seized. Often they or their children were sold into slavery.

There was bribery and corruption in the judiciary. Every sort of evil was rampant.

Isaiah and Micah

TWO powerful, inspired voices were raised against the evils of the time. One was that of Isaiah of Jerusalem.

The other was that of Micah, a young farmer, who lived in the little town of Moresheth-gath which looks down on the Philistine plain and the great coast road from the range of low hills lying westward of the higlands of Judea.

"Behind it, among the round hills of Judah, was Adullam, David's hold, and the field where he fought Goliath; and further east was the high ridge with its defiles leading down to Bethlehem and Hebron. The valley-mouth near which it stood was the south-western gateway of Judea." (Horton)

Micah's prophetic ministry lasted perhaps from 725 to 700 B.C. Look up some of Micah's indignant protests against the evils of his time. (Micah 2:1-3, 7-11; 3:1-12)

Like many another patriotic prophet and social reformer, Micah was arrested as a disturber of the peace and a plotter of treason. His life was saved by King Hezekiah who saw that what he said was true, patriotic and just. (Jeremiah 26:17-19)

The long and brave witness of Isaiah and Micah bore fruit. After the deliverance of Jerusalem from Sennacherib 701 B.C. (Isa. 37:36) there was a great reform in religion and in morals. Judah stood for another hundred and fifteen years.

There was a relapse into idolatry under Hezekiah's successor Manasseh in which Isaiah is said to have been martyred.

Whether the skies were bright or threatening, Micah continued to witness for truth.

Micah held with Whittier,

That all our sorrow, pain and doubt
A great compassion clasps about.

So like all the prophets he knew that God would conquer in the end. Beyond his nation's sin and suffering he saw a good time coming. Let us look at today's passages.

"In the Days to Come"

BUT in the latter days.—Better, "In the days to come." Dr. Horton draws attention to the poetic fitness of this glowing vision coming immediately after the judgments of the former chapter. He speaks of it as "the Divine element in a prophetic book" and also as "a very beautiful human element in the prophetic mind, viz.: the blending of threat and promise, as the seer has visions of hope or fear."

The mountain of the Lord's house.—Contrast with 3:12. Note the glorious promise of restoration.

Established.—The word means "Not for a time but abidingly." (Horton)

In the top of the mountains.—Symbolism. "It shall be as if it were on the top of all hills, so that all the inhabitants of the earth shall see it." (Aben Ezra)

Shall flow.—The peoples shall flow toward Jerusalem like a mighty river. (Jer. 31:12)

Come ye. . . .—The words of the peoples as they "flow" up to Jerusalem for instruction.

Out of Zion . . . the law.—Better "the teaching". Jerusalem is to teach the nations. (Isa. 11:10; 60:3; Jer. 3:17; Zech. 2:11; 8:22, 23) What a wonderful forecast at a time when Judah was one of the weakest of nations and its capital was in danger of destruction.

This is truly "inspiration." We see today that the "teaching", "the word of the Lord" is the only hope of the

(Please to turn to Page 8.)

Be a brave and upright man, who must find or cut a straight road to everything excellent on the earth, and not only go honorably himself, but make it easier for all who follow him to go in honor and with benefit.

* * *

God will not have His work made manifest by cowards.—R. W. Emerson.

* * *

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in our selves are triumph and defeat.

* * *

With calmest courage he was ever ready
To teach, that action was the truth of thought,
And with strong arm and purpose firm and steady
An anchor for the drifting world he wrought.

—J. R. Lowell.

Memory Verse

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more. —Micah 4:3.

DAILY BIBLE READING

Mon.—Micah 4:1-5
Tue.—Micah 5:2-5a
Wed.—Isaiah 11:6-10
Thu.—Matt. 5:9-16
Fri.—Isaiah 2:1-4
Sat.—Psa. 72:11-19
Sun.—Isaiah 26:1-4

The Greatness of a Nation

WE adhere then, to our traditional demand for the right of local option, says an article in The Alliance News. We are anxious to secure every possible reform in the administration of the licensing laws. From the joint program agreed by the whole Temperance Movement, we believe that the following points demand urgent attention: (a) more Temperance teaching in the schools; (b) the drastic restriction of drink advertisements; (c) effective legislation to deal with the club evil; (d) amendment of the law regarding special removals; (e) more energetic action against drinking motorists; (f) the education of licensing magistrates as to their real duties in order that they shall take steps to administer the licensing laws for the protection of the public, and not in the interests of the Trade.

We have all the facts on our side—economic facts, social facts, medical facts, scientific facts, ethical facts. All that is now needed is sufficient determination and courage to carry our cause to a final victory. I have no doubt that many belong to the third or fourth generation of total abstainers. See to it that you prove worthy of the trust which has been handed on to you by those who went before.

The greatness of any nation depends upon the way in which its moral causes are kept alive by succeeding generations. May the torch of Temperance burn brighter as you pass it to your successors. So in the not too distant future, the light of truth shall drive away the darkness which has far too long overshadowed this land which we love so well.

* * *

THE greatness of this country was built up within the homes of the people, and it will be a sad day in this history of our land if licensed premises become the mecca of the future English (or Canadian) family. The homes of our people will be happier, brighter places if the money which is at present squandered in the public-houses of our land is transferred to the purchase of useful and health-giving commodities.—Alliance News.

The Weaver

A weaver sat one day at his loom,
Among the colors bright,
With the pattern for his copying
Hung fair and plain in sight.
But the weaver's thoughts were wandering
Away on a distant track,
As he threw the shuttle in his hand
Wearily forward and back.
And then the weaver looked and saw
His work must be undone.
For the threads were wrong and the colors dimmed
Where the bitter tears had run.
Ah! Sad it was for the weaver,
And sad for his luckless wife.
And sad it will be for us, if we say
At the end of our task in life:
"We wove a web of doubt and fear,
Not faith and hope and love,
Because we looked at our work, and not
At our pattern up above."

—Anon.

—And So to Sleep.

When at night you sleepless lie,
And the weary hours drag by—
Lift your thoughts to God above.
Bending down to you in love.
Feel His presence by your bed—
His soft touch upon your head.
Let your last thought be a prayer,
As you nestle in His care:
Ask Him all your way to keep,
Then—why then—drop off to sleep.

—Selected.

MICAH

(Continued from Page 7.)

world. The nations have tried many other cures, but must come back to this.

He shall judge.—"When all submit to Divine law . . . war becomes unnecessary. . . . The reign of peace will only begin when the Prince of Peace, and he alone, is allowed to give instruction to the nations." (Horton)

Reprove.—Rather, "decide concerning." He is to be Lawgiver and Judge.

Look at Micah's lovely picture of peace and security. "The Palestinian image for peace. (I Kings 4:25; Zech. 3:10) . . . is specially suitable on the lips of Micah the countryman." (Horton)

The mouth of the Lord.—That is the all-sufficient pledge that the prophecy shall be fulfilled.

All the peoples will walk.—Probably "(as yet) will walk" until the day foretold in v. 2. Nations today are walking in the name of their own "gods," the gods of force, of greed, of deceit. As we walk "in the name of the Lord our God" we shall help to draw them to Him.

"But thou Bethlehem"

IN our second selection we see how Micah centered his "Good Time Coming" in the person of a Leader.

"Jerusalem is besieged, its ruler insulted by the invader. (v. 1) Micah proclaims not only deliverance but a deliverer. He will arise from Bethlehem, David's birthplace. God raised up thence a ruler (David) who shepherded his people instead of fleecing them, and who represented God's eternal ideal of a ruler, not his own interests. He will send us in our need (he says) another like the first. And this man shall be our peace.

Bethlehem means "House of Bread." Ephrathah means "Fruitful." There is a fine significance in these names. The fields of Behtlehem were rich in the time of Boaz (Ruth 2) They still produce abundantly. The wheat of Bethlehem is typical of the Bread that God has given to be the life of the world.

This great passage was always considered a Messianic prophecy by the Jews. (Matt. 2:6)

Unto me.—"For Me." "To fulfil My will. The true ruler represents God's will in Israel." (Dummelow)

"The solemn addition *from everlasting* gives a deeper note to the prophecy . . . it shows that Messiah will not be only David restored, but One who was in the beginning with God. We are not called on to explain away this solemn and wonderful forecast, especially when we have seen it fulfilled in the Babe of Bethlehem." (Horton)

Therefore will he give them up until.—Israel was to be delivered into the hands of its foes until the coming of the Davidic Leader.

Until the remnant . . . shall return. (See Isa. 11:12)

He shall stand and feed his flock. (R.V.) . . . in the majesty of the name of the Lord his God.

"The figure of the shepherd king is continued." (Dummelow) Christ is the "Good Shepherd".

They shall abide.—Here again is the thought of permanent security.

Unto the ends of the earth.—(See Psalm 72:8) The Messiah's kingdom shall be world-wide.

And this man shall be our peace. (R.V.)—Connect this clause with the preceding and put a full stop after "peace."

Micah thought of a leader who would deliver Judah, but the words God gave him had a deeper significance. The Messiah will not only conquer Assyria. "He must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet." (I Cor. 15:25)

Questions

1. "The mountain of the Lord's house—." Complete the verse.
2. What does Micah mean by "peoples shall flow unto it"?
3. "He will teach us——" Complete the clause.
4. "And he shall judge between many peoples—" Complete the verse.
5. Have these great prophecies been fulfilled?
6. Will they ever be fulfilled?
7. Can we help toward their fulfilment?
8. What did Micah say about Bethlehem?
9. "And this man—" Complete the clause.

(For Answers, see Page 12.)

WRESTLE FOR LIFE

(Continued from Page 2.)

SOMEONE must have been tampering with the rollway; for suddenly, as Hawkins and a few of his picked men —among them young Roslin—looked it over, a sheer cliff of piled logs wavered, toppled a little, lurched, then hung in precarious balance. Hawkins' deep-sea bellow roared out an order and his men scattered. One tug at the right log now would bring down the lot; more men would only be in each other's way.

The foreman himself had not moved away, but still stood near the logs, directly in their path should they come down.

And they came down—like an avalanche! Only the cat-like agility of a trained wrestler enabled Hawkins to leap aside in time. He had missed death by an inch! It just happened that he sprang toward the side where the "key log" had been located; and he saw a man jump backward—Tom Smalley!

With a roar of hate Dynamite Dan seized a cant-hook and started for Tom, who took to his heels, baffled in his revenge and aware that he would pay with his life if caught.

Then, like a rocket, Bud Roslin leaped after the foreman, grabbing him in the nick of time. Bud had seen the look in Hawkins' eyes; the foreman ordinarily relied on his hands alone to subdue men, and when he thought of a weapon it meant fatality, Bud knew.

Men ran up from all directions. Only a few understood the situation, but all desired to be present when Bud Roslin and Dynamite Dan collided.

At first the foreman fought only to free himself, seeming not to have recognized the boy, and with many imprecations turned all his attention to the conflict in hand.

"Oh, it's you!" he yelled. "I don't need a cant-hook!" Voluntarily, contemptuously he threw the weapon down, and embraced Bud with his powerful arms.

Then a terrible struggle began. Bud said not a word; the thought uppermost in his mind was the prevention of a terrible crime—murder. Smalley, guilty though he was, must be allowed to get far away, or Dan Hawkins would kill him while insane with rage.

It required every ounce of the youth's strength and every trick he knew to keep Hawkins from downing him. The men gathered round, but remained neutral and quiet.

Finally the wrestlers fell together, and the spectators felt that Dan would have some advantage on the ground because of his greater weight. But Bud wriggled like an eel, and presently secured a hammerlock (a hold in which one wrestler has the other's arm twisted around on his, the victim's, back.)

With his right arm thus locked, and held securely on his left side, the foreman could offer but little further resistence. His left arm was pinned to the ground by Roslin's knee.

"Get a rope," ordered Bud—"you, Lute, tie his feet, then we'll get his wrists tied together; I'll be entirely responsible. Hurry, he must be held."

Dan fought, but several men assisted Bud and Luther, when Roslin had told them **why** it had to be done. The foreman's rage lasted an hour, then he cooled off and listened to Bud and Luther Rix.

"You're right, boys," he said at last. "I don't want no murder on my hands; and that rat of a Smalley ain't worth it. Turn me loose now, I've got my senses back. Guess maybe I shouldn't have smashed the rat like I did anyhow."

During the few days remaining of the big drive little was said between Foreman Hawkins and Bud Roslin. But when the gang disbanded at Big Eddy, Dan came to the lad, saying:

"Bud, you saved me from an awful thing, maybe from the penitentiary; I'd have killed that fellow sure. And you're a great grappler, too, kid. Tell your grandpa I'm coming over in a day or two, and I'm going to burn that mortgage in his own grate. The old feud's ended, and when Dan Hawkins says it he means it."

BUD HAD SEEN UNCONTROLLED FURY IN HAWKINS' FACE.

PRINTING

(Continued from Page 5.)

shortened the labor of Copyists by device of Movable Types was disbanding hired armies and cashiering most Kings and Senates and creating a whole new Democratic world."

We don't know what Carlyle's comment would be today, "Kings and Senates" have largely disappeared from Europe, but it hasn't made a "Democratic World." The queer thing is that certain books, Marx's "Kapital" and Hitler's "Main Kampff", have had much to do with bringing about the present condition of affairs. Books can work evil as well as good. Possibly if Russia and Germany had not been in a receptive condition, the evil seed would not have taken root.

Let us see to it that we have both good soil and good seed in Canada. Here also we have a stirring word from Milton.

"Let her (Truth) and Falsehood grapple! Who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"

An Exception

Boggs: "What are the dining hours at your club?"

Hoggs: "From six to eight for all except the committee."

Boggs: "Why the exception?"

Hoggs: "Because Rule 5 states. 'The committee are at liberty at any time to fill any vacancy in their body."

DEAR CHUMS:—

Entries to the Riddle Contest are still steadily coming in, and the editors are enjoying the task of reading and examining the entries. But we are letting no secrets out of the bag yet. The prize-winners will be announced after the contest closes at the end of this month. If you have not sent in your entry yet, you have still time, and a good chance to become a prize winner. The Mail Bag has been very good for the past few months, and if you keep it up you will be "hitting a new high" as they say. A new chum, writing this week wants to know how to become a Star Correspondent. Well, it's like this: Every week the editors read all the letters on the Chums' Page carefully and they choose as Star Correspondent the writer of the letter which seems to them the best of the lot. They look for good writing and spelling, and also like your letters to be interesting and sometimes funny. The "second best" letter gets honorable mention. As for the rules of the Club, we really have very few, except that we do not print people's addresses. You may write as often as you like and say whatever sounds interesting or amusing to you. If the editors feel that any statement in any letter is not quite suitable for publication for any reason, they will just leave it out and print the rest of the letter without it. However we do not often have to 'cut' letters very much. So keep on writing, and good luck to you.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth,—I should be very glad to join your nice and interesting club. I would like to have pen friends in Canada. And I promise that I'll reply to all letters I get.

I am a boy of 12 years old, height 4 ft. 4 in., and weight about 90 lbs. My hobbies are swimming, cricket, football, and collecting of postcards and newspapers.

My house is opposite Police Station, and I attend Government Boys' School in Grade 6. I also attend Christ's Church.

Hoping that this letter reaches you in best of time, and good wishes, I remain, your New Member,—John William Morrison, Gold Coast, W. Africa.

Dear Aunt Ruth,—Here is a new member for your club. We go to Rock Mills Sunday School and get the Messenger. I have found your club very interesting, so have finally taken time to write.

I am a girl fourteen on the eighth of April. I have brown hair and brown eyes. I am five ft. one inch tall, and have a big smile for everyone. One of my great aims is to gain new friends, so Club Members come on and fill my mail-box and I will try to answer all letters.

A few years ago I joined the Aunt Helen Club. I gained many pen-pals, and have enjoyed corresponding with them. I live on a farm in Ontario. For pets I have a cat named Kiltie, a dog called Buster and a horse named Jenny. My favorite sport in winter is skating and in summer baseball.

My favorite pastime is music. I play both the Spanish and Hawaiian guitar and the piano. Last summer I took many prizes at amateurs and festivals by singing and accompanying myself on the guitar.

Have you much snow down in Quebec? There is a great deal of it here. My chum and I have been snow-shoeing to school all the time.

Well, Aunt Ruth, I think I will close for this time as I want to leave room for other Chums. Will you please let me know how it is you become "This Week's Star Correspondent" and get "Honorable Mention"? Would you please write and tell me these few things, also the rules of your club.

Well, I must close. Sincerely,—Ruth Blackburn, Ont.

TO MARJORIE GEORGE FROM SANDRA BUCHANAN

Dear Marjorie,—This is my second letter to the Chums' Page. This time I decided to write to someone, so as I

* * * \

Lucy and Her Friend the Robin

By ADNA BYRD

For the Messenger.

LUCY lay back in bed and sighed. The sigh was deep-drawn. It proceeded right out of the depths of her being. And it was the disconsolate expression of a deep-rooted wish. Lucy was sick a-bed, but that was not the real reason for the sorrowful sigh. Indeed it was too bad that she was sick and obliged to miss school. But it meant also that Lucy could not enter the contest which was being sponsored by the local civic club. Pupils of the grades might enter a theme, the subject being birds. A prize was offered for the best theme written by a pupil in the grades.

"Oh, mama, I did so want to write a theme," said Lucy, sadly.

"Why can't you, dear?" asked her mother, who was gathering up Lucy's breakfast dishes on a tray.

"I won't be able to get hold of any books to study about birds, mama," cried Lucy in pained surprise. "How can I write them? I won't know anything to write."

* * *

"IT IS true you can't get books from the library; but why are books so necessary? Why not use your own bright eyes a bit, Lucy, and then you may write about what you have seen yourself." And mother took up the breakfast tray and walked out.

Lucy was silent. Mother's advice usually had a hidden meaning. Yet how could she use her eyes, cooped up in bed! There was nothing to see but the familiar setting of the bed room. Lucy flounced and turned over. It was no use. She couldn't write a theme. She gazed petulantly out of the window. Just then a robin fluttered past the window and settled in an apple tree in plain view. Lucy watched him without interest. But she need not be told that the wind which moaned outside was cold. Little Robin Redbreast's feathers were ruffled.

"I'll bet your teeth are chattering," exclaimed Lucy sympathetically. Then she laughed at the ridiculous thought of a bird's teeth chattering. Why, she didn't believe a bird had any teeth at all. Now, do they? Lucy viewed the robin with interest. Mr. Robin didn't stay still all ruffled up for very long. For he was hungry. He flitted from one limb to another, and each time he cocked his head this way and that, his bright, eager, black eyes peering about. For you understand Mr. Robin was hungry, and he was hunting for food. At last he spied a half-hidden apple. He flew up and gorged himself upon it. As Lucy watched him she suddenly gasped.

Why! Why, here was the subject for her theme!

* * *

SHE eyed the bird with renewed interest. Presently the robin flew away, and Lucy snuggled down in bed to think. At length she slept.

"Mama, I'm going to write about a robin," she told her mother at noon. "I saw one this morning. He lit in that old apple tree and ate a frozen apple. I hope he comes back."

"Perhaps he will, since he found something to eat," stated her practical mother.

"Mama, what do robins eat besides frozen apples?"

"Oh, angle worms——"

"But he couldn't get angle worms now," broke in Lucy. "The ground is still covered with snow."

"You're right," laughed Lucy's mother. "He couldn't very well."

After a pause Lucy's mother said, "Sometimes people put out crumbs and bits of suet for them. I will fasten a piece of suet to the window ledge for your robin."

* * *

"PLEASE do, Mama," cried Lucy eagerly.

So Lucy's mother fastened a piece of suet to the window ledge, and scattered a few crumbs about.

Next morning the Robin was back. Lucy watched his every move joyfully. And he did come and sample the suet,

but he was not so sure. He feared a trap. After a time he overcame his instinctive fear and came to the window ledge to eat of the suet as freely as he would have hunted worms in the garden.

So the days flew by, and Lucy's interest in the Robin grew. He was a friendly fellow, and Lucy loved him. Seated by the big library table while her mother sewed nearby, Lucy prepared her theme.

And Lucy's carefully-prepared theme won first prize. "On account of its naive simplicity and fresh originality," the judge said. Lucy was delighted and proud. She had overcome a handicap and won a triumph by making the best use of that which was within reach.

EARLY SPRING RAIN

At dawn the rain begins to pelt;
All day it lances down.
Blurred faces under sodden felt
Go splashing through the town.

And I behind my dripping pane
Look out upon the gray
And sullen street, and blame the rain
That keeps the sun away.

But every grass and blossom thrills
"Now thank we all our God";
And little yellow daffodilis
Leap, dancing through the sod.

—Berkshire Eagle.

EVANGELINE BOOTH CALLS WOMEN TO WAR WORK

COME forward with knitting needle and sewing machine, was the call to women Salvationists, members of the Home League and other women friends, issued by General Evangeline Booth, retiring commander of the Salvation Army. She urged women to meet the demands for service to the fighting forces, in an appeal issued from international headquarters in London.

"There is no time to lose," she warned. "The men will need additional warm socks, the children will need warm dresses, the poor women, with husbands at the front, will need warm stockings, shawls and blankets. I therefore hope that this call will reach the heart of everyone who possesses any gift at all of creation with needle and thread, that we may unitedly do something to meet the great demand.

"I call the knitting needles into service. . . I call the sewing machines into service. . . I call various commodities into service. . . I call upon whatever money you can afford to give, or even sacrifice."

SHOWING OFF

J. ELLEN BAKER

"REALLY, Ellen, I don't know what I am to do. Haven't you noticed Marsha? Her showing-off stunts are getting worse every day," Lucy said after watching her five-year-old curly-haired daughter rush in and turn two or three somersaults.

While awkwardly done, the performance had brought her what she wanted, attention. As a winner she strutted out grandly to study up something else for the next time — something that would be more wild and startling.

"I'm sorry," I said. "But I am to blame. I came to see Marsha as much as I did you, and I haven't visited with her thirty minutes out of my five days."

"I can't see that you have slighted her," Lucy returned. "She is allowed to be with us whenever she wishes."

That afternoon I surprised Marsha by rapping on her play-room door.

She gave me a seat with as much dignity as a grownup. She had been rearranging her furniture in the little model house of five rooms that her father had given her at Christmas.

I began talking about it and asking her why she was making the different changes.

"I moved this chair to get better light," she said. "That is the way Mother does."

In the kitchen, also, she made changes like Mother. These, she said, were to save steps.

I did not have to feign interest. Marsha was the most interesting person I had met for some time.

The next day she came to me and

said, "Aunt Ellen, I have something to show you, when you have time."

"I'm so glad," I returned. "I have time right now."

She took me to see some new blossoms in the garden. Later she showed me a bird's nest. In the afternoon she came running. "Oh, Aunt Ellen," she said, "could you come?" I went gladly, and this time it was to see *"a bird with a funny bill"*—a humming bird. She wanted to know how and what it ate.

Every day there was some time when we visited together. There were no more showing-off antics, and her mother was grateful that I had found a way to prevent them. I knew, too, that Marsha was sincere when she said, as I was leaving, "I wish you would stay a year."

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City.)

The Boy Fisherman

FEW are the boys, especially in country regions, who do not love to fish. And until the world refuses to eat fish, flesh or fowl there will be fishermen. We wonder how many boys have been taught to kill the fish they catch immediately it is taken out of the water and before the hook or fly is removed from its mouth.

Every good fisherman does that; first, because it ends any possible suffering the fish may feel and, second, because the flesh of the fish keeps much better than if left to die on the ground or in the creel. A blow, sharp and quick, on the back of the head with any small short stick—if the fish is not too large —will destroy its life at once. Some bend the head back with a sudden snap, breaking what we might call the neck of the fish. The former is the better way.

We write this for the boys who may see our magazine. If we are going to fish, let's do it as humanely as possible. —Our Dumb Animals.

Gambling and Waste

IN every country in the world the disease of gambling has secured a tremendous hold in recent years. One has only to look at the number of racing sheets on the news-stands on this continent and to the amount of space devoted to racing and other gambling sports in our newspapers, and to the games of chance that are carried on, often under the aegis of some churches, to realize how far this sore has corrupted the body of our national life. The amount of money being spent on gambling in the world today is simply appalling. We can find no other term to describe it than this, since the sum stuns the imagination to attempt to understand it.—Sel.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. "Shall be established in the top of the mountains."
2. That Gentile peoples shall come to Jerusalem to learn of God.
3. "He will teach us of His ways."
4. Mica 4:3.
5. Not fully.
6. They will, because God has promised.
7. Yes. We can ourselves obey the voice of God and we can help other people to love God and goodness.
8. That out of Bethlehem would come the Deliverer and Ruler of Israel.
9. "And this man shall be our peace."

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Keep your WITS WORKING

Bible Crossword Puzzle

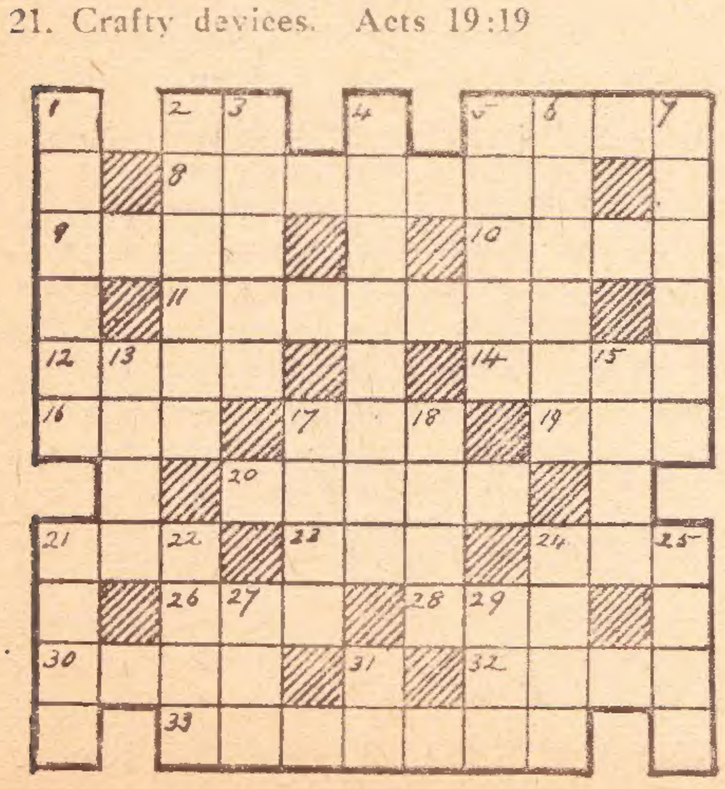
BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

5. The idol that Aaron made at Mt. Sinai. Ex. 32:4.
8. A river of Damascus. 2 Kings 5:12.
9. Run away. Jonah 1:3
10. A written declaration. Mark 10:4
11. Chamberlain of the city of Corinth. Romans 16:23
12. They did this on camels. Genesis 24:61
14. Sometimes called a sea. Luke 5:1
16. Declare. Matt. 5:44
17. Poor material for a fire-proof building. 1 Cor. 3:12
19. A wayside hotel. Luke 10:34
20. One of the minor prophets.
21. An animal that talked to a prophet. Num. 22:28
23. A godly king of Judah. 2 Chron. 14
24. A pronoun
26. The mountain on which Aaron died. Num. 20:27, 28.
28. Deliver. Ex. 6:6
30. A pronoun.
32. A noise made by men and also by the sea. Jeremiah 50:42
33. This kind of life results from intimate knowledge of God. John 17:3

DOWN

1. Manna tasted like this when made with honey. Ex. 16:31
2. Swift. Zeph. 1:18
3. In that place. John 14:3
4. Misdeed. Ezek. 18:24
5. The land that Solomon gave to Hiram, king of Tyre. 1 Kings 9:12, 13
6. One of Haman's ten sons. Est. 9:9
7. Dropped Isa. 14:12
13. Ancient ship propellers. Ezek. 27:6
15. Tied together. Acts 10:11
17. White. Ex. 16:14
18. A measure of time. Ex. 12:2
21. Crafty devices. Acts 19:19
22. A kind of footwear. Deut. 29:5
24. This one was a calf. Acts 7:41
25. Greatly. Acts 20:37
27. Where Peter went after the cock crew. Matt. 26:75
29. One of David's rulers. 2 Sam. 20:26
31. Judah's firstborn. Gen. 38:7



LOCKED IN A CHEST

Oh, what a lucky find!
Here's buried treasure hid.
I'd be happier still in my mind
If I knew how to open the lid.

FIG FUN

PLACE a fig upon the table with an inverted tea cup over it. Now tell your friends that you will make the fig disappear without touching the cup. Tap a few times under the table, then withdraw your hand tightly closed, look knowingly at the cup, then at your friends and pointing to the cup say, Look! Someone will immediately take up the cup, and you can then pick up the fig and eat it.

BEHEADINGS

I have used all my whole this puzzle to frame,
But if you behead me then slaughter you name;
Behead me again, and not dead, as supposed.
For I still live and breathe, but am much indisposed.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Bird?—1. Loon; 2. Brant; 3. Catbird.

Bible Puzzle—I Ramah. I Kings 15:17; 2. Ramath. Josh. 19:8; 3. Ramathaim Zophim. I Sam. 1:1; 4. Ramath Lehi. Judges 15:17; 5. Ramoth Mizpeh. Josh. 13:26; 6. Rameses. Ex. 12:37; 7. Raamses. Ex. 1:11.

Rhyming Riddle—Spring Flowers.

Can You Figure These Out?—1. The figure is 0. 2. One dozen; because a quarter and a cent are twenty-six cents. 3. Twenty pounds. Ten pounds and ten pounds for half its own weight. 4. In twenty-seven days the frog was up twenty-seven feet, having gained a foot a day. He was out on the twenty-eighth day, because the three-foot jump took him over the top, and he didn't have to slip back.

BRIGHT LAD

A brightly dressed young man presented himself at a recruiting depot and expressed his wish to join the Army.

The sergeant in charge asked him the usual questions and entered the answers on his sheet.

"Occupation?" he inquired.

"Well," said the young man, "I hardly know what to say. You see, my guv'nor died and left me a pot of money a year ago and I've just run through the lot. That's why I'm here."

"I see," replied the sergeant, thoughtfully. Then a broad smile broke over his face, and he entered in the necessary column, "Brass finisher."

Paradoxical as it may sound, you can't get big ideas from a swelled head.

Father: "This is going to hurt me more than you, my son."

Son: "Then don't be too severe with yourself, dad."

For those planning a motor tour, it is best to get a large road map. This will tell you everything except how to fold it up again.

THE EXPERT

Algy: "Do you know much about music, eh, what?"

Archie: "Oh, just a bit."

Algy: "Well, can you tell me what that chap's playing?"

Archie: "Rather! A violin, old man."

A Born Grouch

A man went to a summer resort hotel on the New Jersey coast and arranged to stay ten weeks. After a few days he approached the proprietor and said:

"I can't stand it here any longer. The fish you had on Friday was not fit for a cat, and the meat you had on Sunday was not fit for a dog. Besides, the portions were altogether too small."

Miss Snook: "Did Mr. Borer sing a popular song at the concert?"

Miss Brook: "Well, it had been popular before he sang it."

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SPICED POT ROAST

Empty sliced pot roast into skillet, heat thoroughly. Remove meat from skillet. To the hot meat juice in skillet add:

1 tablespoon lard
1 small onion chopped fine
4 bay leaves
½ cup vinegar
3 tablespoons sugar
4 whole cloves

Thicken with three tablespoons flour rubbed smooth in 1-2 cup cold water. Place meat back in this mixture—heat thoroughly. Serve piping hot.

VEAL BIRDS

2½ lbs. veal steak cut in 4 in. squares
2 tablespoons butter
1 egg
1 cup cream or rich milk
Onion chopped fine or juice of 1 onion
Celery salt
Salt and pepper
Cracker or bread crumbs

Cut steak into 4 inch squares, combine soft bread crumbs, salt, pepper, celery salt, onion, and butter, spread 2 tablespoons of mixture on each square of meat. Roll up and pin with toothpicks or tie with string. Dip in beaten egg (1 tablespoon water added to each egg) and finely rolled cracker crumbs. Brown on all sides in skillet with plenty of fat. Partly cover with water and simmer until tender. This makes 8 to 10 servings.

VEAL WITH DUMPLINGS

Get a 2 1-2 or 3-pound piece of boned veal rump. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in an iron pot and brown a chopped onion in this. Remove the pieces of onion and put in the meat, brown on all sides, then add a cup of boiling water, salt and pepper to taste and cook, covered tightly, about 2 1-2 hours or until very tender. Add a little more water whenever the pot threatens to cook dry. Make the dumplings like this:

Melt 4 tablespoons butter, cool slightly and whip until creamy. Beat in 2 eggs, then add alternately 1-2 cup milk and 1 cup flour. Beat until the dough is very stiff and dry. Form into small balls and drop into a pot filled with boiling, salted water. Cook 7 or 8 minutes, drain and set in the oven a few minutes to dry out slightly. Serve on a hot platter with the veal. Make a gravy from the sauce remaining in the pot in which the veal was cooked. A green salad and a fruit dessert or apple strudel go well with this.

Bird Houses Instead of Guns

EDITH BRANDIS

"BANG! BANG!" Mrs. May heard from her back yard where the five little boys of the neighborhood often played. She went to the window and looked out, "Oh, we've a new boy!" She glanced at the clock. "I guess it is time for the Cookie Club to get into action." There was an agreement among the neighboring mothers with regard to this club.

She stepped to the door and called to her six-year-old, "Billy, cookies are coming. Get ready."

Ten minutes later, when she went out with a big plate of sugar cookies with raisins, she found all six boys sitting on a long bench ready for her. Their hands and faces had been freshly washed, for this was the Cookie Club rule.

While the boys ate, she looked at the half dozen wooden guns with which they had been playing, evidently distributed among the children by the new boy. The guns told something about the stranger, whose name she found to be George Ray. First, he knew something about wood-working, second, he had a nice sense of order, third, and she judged this by the way he had organized the group, he had considerable aptitude as a leader. Her problem, then, was to make use of the new boy's abilities and energy to benefit the activities which would take place in her backyard. Such an opportunity was too valuable to be wasted.

She listened to the chatter of the boys as they ate, seeking a clue. Billie said to her, "Mother, George's father is a carpenter. George knows how to use tools, and he has a set of his own. It must be lots of fun to make things with a saw and hammer and nails. George has made lots of guns. That's why he can make such nice guns and make them so quickly."

She turned to the new boy, who was about eight years old. "George, did you ever make bird houses?"

"Only a pigeon house. My father showed me."

"That would be a very big bird house."

"Yes'm. It was."

"Could you teach the boys how to build a very simple little bird house? For wrens?"

"They're pretty little. But my father showed me how just to drive nails first. If we had some blocks of wood and some nails and some hammers, I could teach them that first, then afterwards they could learn to saw."

"You shall have them," said Mrs. May, and a little later she brought two small hammers and a bag of nails from the workshop. Presently she looked out again and saw how skillfully the new boy was directing the little boys in their nail-driving, having them take turns, showing them each little detail. She looked about the house and found a magazine with the pattern for a small bird house. When George was ready to go home, she thanked him, gave him the magazine and asked him to come back the next day.

The Cookie Club took George into its ranks. All the boys had club names: George became "Mr. Chips". His task was to teach the little boys how to use tools. Later on, as Mrs. May watched him showing the boys how to drive nails, to hold the saw, to draw a pattern, to cut out pieces, she had a deep sense of satisfaction that she had so quickly been able to recognize the value he would be to the group, and she often said to herself, "Bird houses instead of guns."

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

SALVATION ARMY WAR NOTES

The Salvation Army has appointed a War Council to carry on work among the armed forces of Europe. Activities have already begun in thirty-two naval and military centres, and services among munition workers are to be maintained. Food kitchens have already been established and ambulance services started.

While knitting needles are clicking now making socks, what happens to these socks when soldiers get holes in them? Do they do the darning, or are the socks thrown away?

The women of the Salvation Army have taken up the problem of the sock with a hole in it. In accordance with instructions issued from Territorial Headquarters every Army hut will be a sock-darning centre to which servicemen may feel free to bring their socks through which a toe has been protruding. The Army holds that a sock darned is a sock saved.—Montreal Gazette.

CRETONNE of a dark color (but not light) can be washed as follows: After the final rinsing of cold water, salt and vinegar, it should be immersed in a lukewarm bath of the first bran and water. Squeeze, then fold, placing a cotton sheet in between the folds, and pass carefully through a mangle. Iron the wrong side, following the grain of the material. Pay particular attention to the pipings.—The Christian Herald.

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, APRIL 12, 1940.

OUR NEW GOVERNOR GENERAL

THE appointment of Alexander, Earl of Athlone, brother of Mary the Queen Mother, as Governor-General of Canada in succession to the beloved Lord Tweedsmuir, will give satisfaction to all our Canadian people.

The Earl of Athlone has had a distinguished career as a soldier. He was appointed as our Governor General in 1914 to succeed H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, but at the outbreak of the War he was called to active service and the appointment was cancelled.

In 1923 he was appointed Governor General of the Union of South Africa, where he and his Countess won the affection and esteem of all races and classes in that great Dominion.

J. H. Hofmeyr, Administrator of the Transvaal, said, "His Excellency and Her Royal Highness have not spared themselves in their efforts to serve South Africa and they have a very large place in the affections of all sections of the community. We have been fortunate indeed to have had them in South Africa."

The Earl and Countess are "plain people", democratic in their ways and are friends of all good causes.

IN the course of a broadcast last December the Earl said, "In all of us there is that deep longing, however humbly, to be the builders of a new world—a world where men can cultivate the arts of peace and achieve that moral and spiritual progress which will alone ensure that industry and science will be used for the enrichment and not the destruction of mankind. . .

"Amid the failure of human wisdom there is still one Supreme Source from Whom all can draw new power, new hope and new illumination. God speaks directly to the heart of every man and woman who is prepared to listen and obey."

OUR SOLDIERS "CHASE THE BLUES"

A CANADIAN PRESS despatch tells us that Canada's overseas soldiers at Aldershot have "chased away Sunday blues" by going to church.

The cable says that every Sunday finds the churches of all denominations in the Canadian Active Service Force training area crowded to overflowing. In some parts of the camp recreation huts frequently are converted into temporary houses of worship, while thousands of others observe their devotional exercises in the open spaces of the parade ground.

Sunday is the one day of the week when the grim tasks of war training generally are laid aside, although those who would rather drill may do so.

"There is no compulsion about our church parades," one commanding officer remarked. "The men come of their own free will." He said he had put the issue to a test within his own unit.

"We invited all those who didn't want to attend church parade either to remain in their huts or to muster with their arms," he said. "Not a man stayed in his billet and only one turned up with his rifle. We later learned that he professed to the Jewish faith. There was no synagogue in the immediate neighborhood, but we soon put that straight by transporting him to his own house of worship in a nearby town."

Where services are conducted indoors, choirs, lay readers and ushers have been enlisted from the ranks of officers and men. In the open, amplifiers usually are rigged up to carry the padre's voice across the broad squares.

A few units, such as the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, Edmonton Regiment and the Army Service Corps, have brass bands of their own to lead the singing and supply the music for the ceremonial parade at the close of the service. Most units, however, rely on unaided lungpower.

The Canadian Army Service Corps lays claim to the largest average Sunday parade turnout. Led by their commanding officer, Lieut.-Col. P. Shields of Calgary, the number of Church of England adherents from this unit alone exceeds 1,500.

Weather permitting they muster on a grassy playing field, forming a hollow square around their padre, Capt. B. D. Armstrong, of Kemptville, Ont. His pulpit is a tier of flag-draped regimental drums.

Frequently citizens of the neighborhood join in the service, standing along the roadways. They also come to hear the rich, deep voices of the khaki-clad boys and to watch them march smartly in review past their commanding officer.

Elsewhere in the camp similar open air services and ceremonials are the order of the day.

Ministering to the spiritual needs of the Canadians are 26 chaplains, under the supervision of Lieut.-Col. H. A. Kent of Kingston, Ont. By denominations they are distributed as follows: Roman Catholic, eight; Church of England, seven; United Church, six; Presbyterian, four; Baptist one.

War is a dreadful business, but there have come crises in history when it has seemed the only way to deal with a worse evil than war and undoubtedly we find ourselves today facing one of these crises.

It is not the soldiers who make wars. It is the "war makers" whom the German false prophet Nietzsche pronounced "blessed" on whom the blame lies.

The *British Weekly* says of the Britons under arms that "never in the history of any people were there armed forces . . . having such a quality of moral force and intelligence."

The Canadian Army is of similar character. Many of the boys who have gone from our homes have sacrificed good prospects in civil life at the call of duty.

A young fellow from Ontario "dropped in" to evening service in a little church in the outskirts of Montreal. Finding the people friendly, he said, "I'll bring some more of the chaps whenever I can." Another lad given a "Gospel" before he left for overseas said, "I guess I'll read more of this now than I ever did before."

Canadians at home sometimes suffer from "Sunday blues." They might get rid of them as the lads overseas have done by going to church.

Seventy Germans, consisting of 20 pastors and their families, were brought to Britain last year by the Bishop of Chichester, vice-chairman of the board of management of the Christian Council for Refugees. They have been taught English, and the pastors are now anxious to resume ministerial duties.—Christian Herald.

How Does Your Garden Grow?

By GORDON LINDSAY SMITH

IT is not the amount of labor spent that is the key to a good garden but rather the timing of the necessary work. There is nothing to be gained, for instance, and much may be lost in working soil too early. It is far better to have the garden dug once and at the right time, than to rush in and waste days messing around in the mud.

Then by carefully perusing a good Canadian seed catalogue one can select a wide range of flowers and vegetables that require little attention.

Indeed one can actually get flowers that will practically sow themselves. By putting most of the space available into a good lawn, and surrounding this with beds of easily grown flowers and shrubs, it is possible to have something that will be always attractive and with surprisingly little trouble.

Sweet Peas Early

SWEET PEAS must be planted early. If they do not get well down into the soil, when the days are cool, later on they are liable to wither, and cease furnishing their daily quota of color and fragrance.

Successful gardeners advise planting a trench, dug at least a foot deep, filled within two inches of the top with rich soil, mixed with well rotted manure or old leaves. Seed is planted about an inch or two deep and just as soon as the soil can be worked. Rains will wash more soil into the trench filling it up gradually and thus adding further to root growth.

When the upper plant starts to develop it will be necessary to supply some climbing support in the form of brush, strings or chicken wire. Flowers should appear by July and must be cut daily. This cutting and frequent heavy watering in hot weather will encourage full blooming and long stems.

And Grass Too

LAWN grass is another seed that must go in early as most growth is made when the weather is still cool and wet.

After digging, the ground should be allowed to settle for a few days at least, and then levelled again. It is advisable to repeat this process several times. The top soil should then be raked fine and the grass sown at a liberal rate, once across and once lengthwise. This double sowing insures an even distribution. For permanent lawns of deep green color and fine texture, good quality package seed from a reputable Canadian seed house is vital.

Planning a Flower Garden

WHERE space is limited, it is advisable to follow a strictly informal layout with the central portion of the garden cleared of beds and shrubbery and devoted entirely to grass. Around the edges will be grouped beds of perennial and annual flowers, leading up to shrubs and vines along the walls or fence boundaries. This open centre adds to the effect of spaciousness and if the rigid boundaries are softened and partially hidden, so much the better and intriguing.

Where the garden is larger, experts advocate screening off a portion by bringing forward the surrounding shrubbery at one point, or using a hedge, wall or trees so that the whole affair will not be entirely visible from any one point of observation. This will add further to that air of spaciousness and also provide a secluded corner or two for children's swing or sandbox or possibly a seat or trellis covered table, where on hot summer days the family may enjoy outdoor meals.

* * *

Next Week: Flowers That Fit; Popular Vegetable Gardening.

NEW ZEALAND'S ROAD SAFETY CAMPAIGN

FILMS, posters, illustrated textbooks, and the appointment of road instructors for schools are among measures being adopted in New Zealand under a national plan for teaching school children the rules of road safety.

These school instructors will be full-time officials, who will link the education system with the State's Transport Department.

Also under consideration is a suggestion by the Minister of Transport, the Hon. R. Semple, that drunk motorists should serve their terms of imprisonment on Saturdays and Sundays, instead of undergoing continuous sentences, whereby wives and children are deprived of the services of the wage-earner.

New Zealand, with a death-rate of 2.65 per million gallons of petrol consumed, already has the lowest accident risk per vehicle of any of the motorized countries.

"Plane" Talk

In 1939 the planes of the Trans-Canada Air Lines consumed more than a million gallons of gasoline—1,218,041, to be exact—and 53,463 quarts of oil. The big twin-engined aircraft, generating 1,700 horsepower, get about three miles to the gallon.

Lady sees T. C. A. Plane as Twins

Winnipeg.—"Is that one big airplane, or two small ones put together?" a lady asked at the Winnipeg airport the other day. She was looking at one of the big T.C.A. transports with its twin Hornet engines.

Thousands of tons of chalk, earth and flint fell from the top of Shakespeare Cliff, south-west of Dover, into the water. At high tide the debris could be seen about 20 feet above the sea.

Each member of the Bakgaila tribe in Bechuanaland is contributing 5s. to a war fund to assist His Majesty's Government.—Christian Herald.